

TOPICS, LIGHT AND SERIOUS, FOR VE MAID AND MATRON FAR.

MASSAGE AS AN AID TO BEAUTY.

Home Treatment Practically Demonstrated.

Face Washing Glass.

Lesson III.

Every member of the Face Washing Glass except the matron of sixty was in high spirits when they met for their third class lesson.

Mme. X. entered and a long chisel glass and low chair were brought into the room and placed where every one could get a reflection from the mirror. "The benefits and importance of friction," said Mme. X., "which consist of motion and heat, are almost incredible. You are demonstrating these facts in your daily use of the camel's hair face scrubbing brush. You say your faces have never be-

sage. I wish to know that you have really learned to scientifically wash your faces before going further."

"Let me," cried Mrs. Van B., a blonde and a belle noted for her originality and her enthusiasm in new fields. The class approved, and Mrs. Van B. divested herself of hat, gloves and bodice, seized a scrubbing brush with the grasp of confidence, plunged it into the bowl of hot water, applied the soap and with positive decisions proceeded to scrub her charming face. The class fairly shouted. Mrs. Van B. was the heroine of the moment, and as she invariably attired at thus giving the retort unequivocal to sundry gossip ament her "make-up," her face betrayed nothing but the zeal of the ardent disciple. She wringed it in hot water, using the mitten to assist in getting rid of the soap, then again in cooler water, into which Mme. X. poured a fragrant essence liquid, and as Mrs. Van B. finally dried her countenance with a soft towel, her fellow pupils applauded, and Mme. X. cried "Brava!" Mrs. Van B. quickly rearranged her toilet and triumphantly joined her companions.

"The face washing as demonstrated by Mrs. Van B.," said Madame X., "deserves commendation. Indeed, I have only one criticism to make—do not be too heroic—remember that you are taking up a bad, but a lifelong friend, in your face brushes. You cannot do two days' scrubbing in one. Now, as to facial massage. The very best plan, if one is so situated that it is feasible, is to have the operation performed by a second person and without mechanical aid. The Swedish method is the only one

but firmly seize the muscles underneath with thumb and forefinger of each hand, and knead or give them a sort of rolling pinch; so! The exact grasp will come to you as you practise, and usually you will find the muscles of the face to first relax at the sides of the mouth and nose and the outside of the cheek. I knead these parts, taking care never to bruise, stopping every few moments to smooth the face by making passes contrary to the lines. If the skin seems dry I apply a little skin food, which is a very penetrating unguent, rubbing it in with a quiet, round-like motion."

The skin possesses wonderful absorbent powers, and the unguent is forced by friction through the pores of the outer cuticle



The Rubber and Glass Cup as Applied.

and is then taken up by the under structure. All the unguent that is not taken up or absorbed by the process I have explained should be wiped away before the kneading is resumed. Fifteen minutes at the outside passed alternately in smoothing and kneading should cover the massage treatment. Wonderful results may be obtained by this self-treatment, unfortunately it is very fatiguing to raise the arms continuously for so long a time as the method requires. Science has come to our aid here and an ingenious mechanical appliance called a face roller, which I here show you, is a very effective substitute for the hand. These face rollers or developers are made of wood, as you see, except the little wheels or rollers themselves, which are of rubber. They are manipulated by simply rolling the wheels over the parts to be filled out. Mechanical massage comes next to the hand manipulations. The rubber and glass cup, such as I show you here, is also used in place of hand massage. With this appliance I can give any one of you facial gymnastics with good results. It requires a little practice, however, and care should be taken not to bruise the flesh in the operation. It is used thus: Place the glass cup over the part to be operated upon, press upon the rubber ball quickly and with strength enough to create a vacuum, but not to bruise the flesh, and draw the part into the glass, remove the pressure in a second or two and repeat for about five minutes over all parts to be treated. It is well to remember that wrinkles and lines have usually been years in forming, and that it will require not only time, but patience and persistence to remove them. In rationally treating the face it is the sustained effort that brings success.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



Smooth the Face Gently with Both Hands.

fore felt clean. I quite understand you, for it is not so very long ago since I used to make the same statement daily. This is because the obstructed pores and cutaneous glands are freely opened for the first time, perhaps, in years. You not only feel clean, but you are clean. The integrity of the functions of a healthy skin is most wonderful; it combines within itself the powers of an organ of sense, excretion, secretion, respiration and nutrition.

"Next to the inestimable value of friction and soap, we must consider the proper care of the muscles which support the skin structure of the face, and, except in very rare cases, begin to lose their firmness before we reach our early forties. When the muscles relax, of course the skin falls into folds, and these folds are alone, properly speaking, wrinkles. The little lines about the eyes, produced frequently by laughter, are not wrinkles. The deep furrows we see are often the natural result of a shrinkage in flesh. Many women grow suddenly and enormously stout, and after a few years they diminish in bulk, and in place of the smooth, fat cheeks the adipose tissue in vanishing leaves a stretched skin, most unsightly masses of wrinkles. If a proper and well regulated course of exercise will develop the muscles of the arm, is it not quite logical to suppose that an equally proper and well applied system of muscular gymnastics will strengthen and harden the pitted, weakened muscles of the face and throat? If one of you ladies can gather courage enough to show me and the class just how you proceed to wash your face, I shall be very grateful, and afterward I will give you your first instructions in facial mas-



Knead with Thumb and Forefinger, Giving a Rolling Pinch.

to be thought of, and I counsel you all to employ only a graduate from a regular Swedish institution.

"The massage treatment should always follow, never precede, the thorough cleansing of the face. It will often be necessary to use a skin food during the treatment, when the cuticle is dry and needs nourishment." Here Mme. X. seated herself, facing the class, and with her back to the class; in this position every one could get a view of the process. "I first smooth my face gently," she continued, "thus, with both hands; next I look critically to see where the deepest lines are, and just what forms they are taking, and then I gently

NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

A Dressmaking Disaster at the Russian Court—Indian Maids as Nurses.

Some Characteristics of the New Canadian Premier's Wife—An American Sculptor Abroad.

Madame Laurier, wife of Wilfrid Laurier, the new Premier of Canada, is described as a remarkably interesting woman. She is a French chateleine of the most admirable type—perfect as a hostess, devout, brilliant, graceful and charmingly dressed. She is about forty-five years old, with delicate features, silvery hair, a fresh, girlish complexion, and blue eyes. Both she and her husband are very hospitable, and their home in a small Quebec town is the seat of charming festivities.

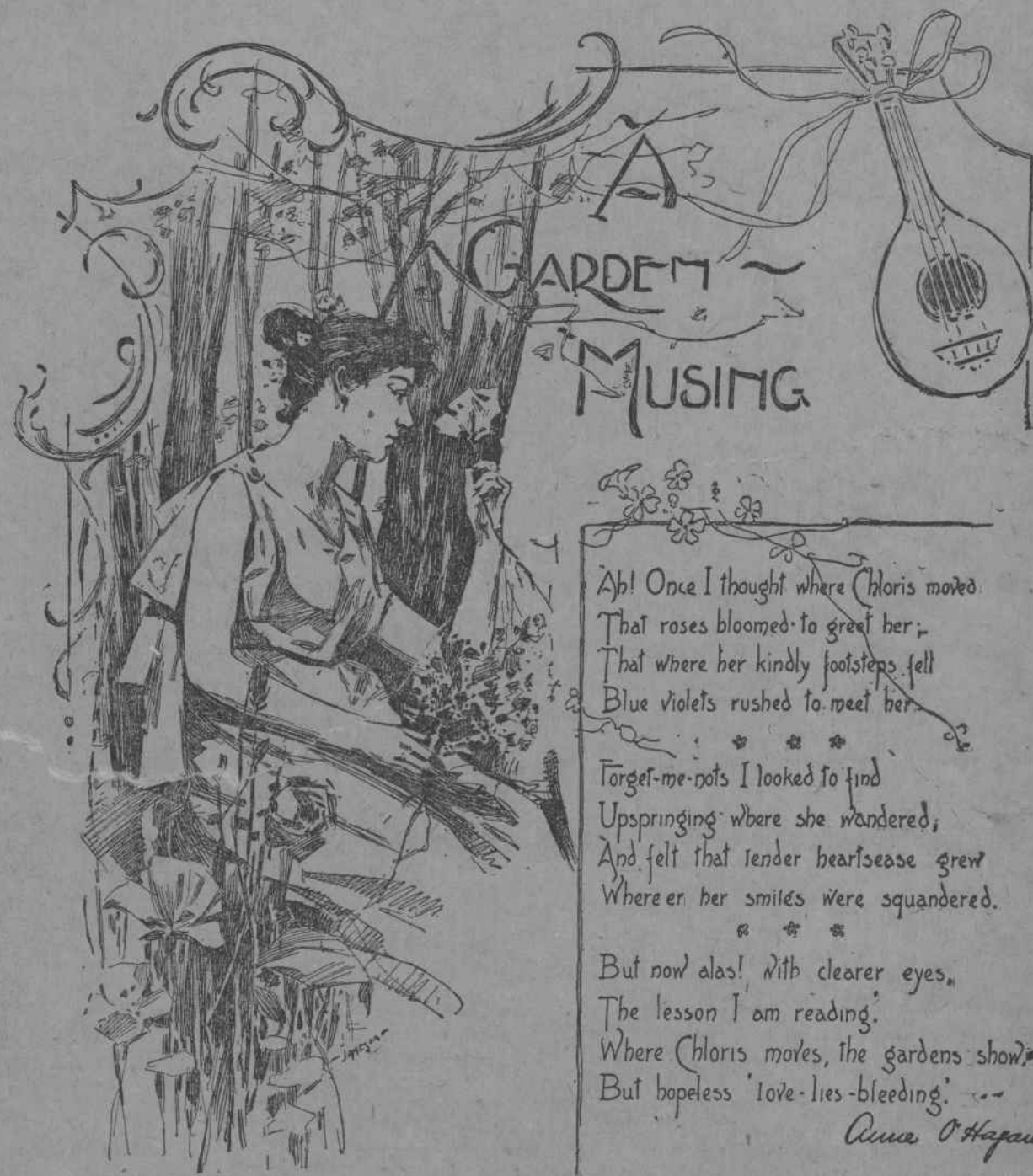
Paddington, London, renowned now mainly for its railroad station, is to be further distinguished by a beautiful statue of the great tragedienne, Sarah Siddons. The statue, which is being carved by M. Chavalland, will be of white marble. Chavalland has produced a very fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons. He used various portraits of the actress in his studies, and notably the immortal painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which Mrs. Siddons figured as the Tragic Muse.

Invalids with a fondness for the unusual may gratify it by having for nurses daughters of Indian chieftains. Several full-blooded Indian maidens wear the prim caps of various hospitals, and are distinguished members of the body of trained nurses. Miss Nancy Cornelius, of the Ojibwa tribe, is a graduate of the Connecticut Training School. Miss Phoebe Howl, daughter of the great chief of the Pawnee tribe, completed her course at the Philadelphia Hospital some years ago. Miss Lily Wind, of the Ottawa, is practicing her calling in New Haven. Miss Kate Greenwood, of the Wyandotte, is one of the nurses most in demand at Philadelphia, where her training was received.

"Fin de Siecle Sculpture" is the name under which Miss Bald Vandell, of Louisville, Ky., had some statues accepted and classified at a recent Paris art exhibition. Out of 150 works accepted, Miss Vandell exhibits two—both of them figures of modern women in modern attire and surroundings. "Color" is reproduced as well as form in this process. The statuette is made from a new process of plating or bronze. It corresponds to the miniature portrait painting. The figures done by Miss Vandell are only a foot high, but are perfect in detail. Miss Vandell is studying in Paris.

The case of Miss Julia McKinley affords an interesting study to those who question whether woman given the right of suffrage would ever allow herself to be swayed by her feelings. Miss McKinley is an Atlanta girl, who is fifth or sixth cousin to the Presidential candidate. She is also said to bear a strong likeness to Major McKinley. She belongs to what she herself describes as a household of "died-in-the-wood Democrats." Nevertheless when she heard of the nomination of the Ohio McKinley she promptly declared herself in his favor. She has wheeled her relatives into line, says, half humorously: "We are for McKinley, high tariff, gold plank and all."

The oldest woman in St. Louis is Miss Mary Kinnon, aged 108 years. She attributes her advanced age to her excellent care of herself and her freedom from domestic cares. Her views on the "new woman" are interesting. "I don't believe," she says, emphatically, "in women going into offices to work where they are thrown with men. I don't believe in them decorating and lavishing their talents for sport. Of course many young women have to earn their living. They ought to do it sewing or something like that, where they won't be thrown with the men."



Ab! Once I thought where Chloris moved
That roses bloomed to greet her;
That where her kindly footsteps fell
Blue violets rushed to meet her.

Forget-me-nots I looked to find
Upprising where she wandered;
And felt that tender heartsease grew
Where her smiles were squandered.

But now alas! With clearer eyes,
The lesson I am reading:
Where Chloris moves, the gardens show
But hopeless 'love-lies-bleeding.'

Anna O'Hagan.

ANENT GLOVES.

At this season of the year when humidity asserts itself, gloves are found by many to be a most expensive article of the toilet. Perspiration ruins them so quickly. Hands may be kept dry, however, by rubbing on them a little finely powdered hyposulphite. A good wash for the hands, and one that will also retard perspiration, is made of one gramme of tincture of myrrh and one-half a pint of rainwater. Wash the hands in this several times a day, and occasionally rub them with a little lavender water.

Boiling Water.

The boiling of water would seem a simple accomplishment, and yet is rarely done properly. It should never steam or simmer, but should cook quickly and be used the instant it has boiled. This is most important, as important as the constant scouring of the kettle. Food cooked with water which is not properly boiled, or from the air. To do this effectively wet them thoroughly, but then in a lamp box and cover them with wet raw cotton or newspaper, and then place them in a cool spot.

DOMESTICANA.

A cloth wet with ice-water and laid across the eyes is often a cure for the most aggravated case of insomnia.

Lamp wicks soaked in vinegar some twenty-four hours before being called into use will give a clearer flame and a steadier light than those not so treated.

If you want your pet canary to sing his best and look his prettiest, feed him occasionally with hard boiled eggs, chopped fine and mixed with cracker crumbs. Do not give him more than a tablespoonful of the mixture at a time.

It is well to know that if you have a watermelon on hand and no ice you may still keep it cool by rolling it in wet cloths and placing it in the sun. As the cloth on the outside becomes dry keep wetting it. The process of evaporation will cool the melon.

You may have observed that to keep flowers fresh florists always exclude them from the sun. To do this effectively wet them thoroughly, but then in a lamp box and cover them with wet raw cotton or newspaper, and then place them in a cool spot.

A tin box is much better for holding bread than a stone crock. During the hot weather it requires special attention to prevent the contents from molding. It should be scalded at least twice a week and aired in the sun before any fresh bread is put in it.

Do not be afraid to attempt the cleaning of your white veils, either chiffon or lace. Wash them with soft water and castile soap, and then pin them to a pillow to dry. They will be ready to come off soon, looking fresh and new.

It is good to know that gilt frames may be freshened up when their condition would seem to warrant that they were only fit to be thrown away. A little gold paint to touch up the scraped patches and a washing with one ounce of soda beaten up with the whites of three eggs will revive them past recognition.

This is the season of cucumbers and waterburgers. They are placed thus in conjunction because it is said that the peelings from the former, if kept in water, and at night centered around the pipes and places frequented by this species of bug, will, on two or three applications, cause them to disappear.

Potato buttons are the newest and cheapest in the market. It is not generally known that the potato, if treated with certain acids, becomes almost as hard as stone. It cannot be distinguished except by a careful examination, and then only by experts. It is every bit as good looking as a button of bone or ivory.

Any one of us is apt to run out of clean handkerchiefs, and an iron is not always convenient. If you will try rubbing them out with warm water and soap and then hanging them against a clean, sunny window to dry, they will come out quite as good-looking as if sent to a laundry. The glass serves as an iron and the sun as a bleacher.

Hives and prickly heat are unpleasant summer annoyances. To arrest the former, all fish, pork, cheese, pickles, sauerkraut and strawberries should be stricken from one's menu. An excellent cure for prickly heat is simple enough to try. Mix a large portion of wheat bran with either cold or lukewarm water, and use it, two or three times a day, as a bath.

At this season of the year the care of white straw hats is as important as any other domestic item. To remove the soiled, stained look, which is just about now becoming universal, brush the hat thoroughly, then add a little ammonia to some water and scrub with a brush rubbed in castile soap. If any stains resist this treatment apply a little lemon juice and two cents' worth of powdered yellow sulphur. Rub this mixture into the straw and then remove it with a damp cloth. Do not attempt to wear the hat before it is thoroughly dry.

AT RANDOM.

She was as severe a looking old lady as ever came out of Connecticut, and when her pretty daughter's fiance met her at the station she looked askance at his worldly straw hat and frivolous tie.

"Yes," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "me an' Nell will come to lunch with you. Have I any choice in places? Yes, I have, Ned. I ain't goin' to any place that sells rum."

"Quite right, quite right," murmured Nell's affianced. "Of course, I wouldn't dream of asking you to drink anything stronger than lemonade. But I confess I don't remember a really good temperance restaurant in the neighborhood."

"Then we'll find another neighborhood," announced the lady, while Nell flushed and looked desperately uncomfortable.

They did. They sat at a table where four other individuals were eating a temperance repast. They all looked unhappy except the old lady. She was grimly cheerful until the waitress brought Nell's swan glass of clear, brown liquid in which ice clinked coolly.

"Ned, what's that?" demanded the old lady.

"Feed tea," said Ned, rather shortly. "Then take your tea the old-fashioned way," counseled the lady, while Nell told it; but that way it might be some mixture of rum. Better avoid the appearance of evil, Ned."

Next fall she will wonder why Ned has quarrelled with Nell.

"No," sighed Penelope, throwing her bag into one corner and her hat into another. "You'll never catch me going off on one of those delusions again—a Saturday till Monday jaunt. I'm through with such excursions for all time. Look at me!"

There was no doubt that Penelope did look a little the worse for wear.

"It was the Goodfellow's asked me—philanthropic souls! They hated to think of me in the hot city all Summer! So Saturday afternoon I ruined my best shirt waist on a smoky, cindery Long Island train. I also left my parasol in the train. I arrived at the Goodfellow's station and had the children scramble all over me in the carriage. I had tea, instead of dinner, according to the dyspepsia-producing rural habit. I caught cold sitting on the piazza when a fog rolled up from the sea. My best salter also lost its stiffness from the same cause. Mosquitoes bit me. Walking on the beach scratched my shoes unmercifully. The next day a sea bath—I hate surf bathing—shattered my nerves and burned my arms and face to a livid, blistering hue. I got my hair soaked with salt water, thereby spoiling a seventy-five-cent shampoo. I was bored all Sunday afternoon. I arose at dawn Monday to catch my train—and here I am, in need of a two weeks' vacation for recuperation."

Lamp Shades.

The newest lamp shades are so beruffled and frilled that they have become in the eyes of the prudent housewife only an added loading place for dust. Many of them are composed entirely of tulle flowers, reminding one of nothing so much as a ballet dancer's costume. Others are all of flowers, renewed according to the season, and still more are made of white fluted mousseline de sole over delicate silk in the shape of a shell. Their trimming consists of feathery ruffles and tiny white shells, mixed with some sprays of sea mosses.

Fashion and a Princess.

An examination of the portraits of the Princess of Wales will show that during the last fifteen years she has scarcely varied the fashion of her costumes at all. All through the rage for big puffed sleeves she has clung to small ones, for the make of her gowns the style known as "Princess" has always been adhered to, and no one has ever seen a "picture" on Her Royal Highness's back. She wears three dainty little bouffants which she wears, as for all ordinary occasions, things to the simplest tailor-made fad jackets.

FROU-FROU.

The cards of a recent garden party given by the wife of M. Henri Brisson, the President of the French Chamber, were planned somewhat after the manner of a bidding to a funeral. "You are requested to bring neither flowers nor wreaths," they read, "as the rooms will be decorated by the President himself." Mme. Brisson has the reputation of giving curtain lectures that are as pleasant and amusing as a comedy.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has been billed a thousand times as the Queen's favorite author, announces that she has at last been able to find a house large enough to hold the guests she intends to entertain this Summer. The house, which is near the famous pass of Killiecrankie, commands one of the richest and most varied panoramas in all Scotland.

It is interesting to know that even the Queen is not above reading a work so light in its nature as a recent "Book of Beauty." She has ordered that a copy be sent to her as soon as it is published.

Miss Maria de Barril, who for several years has been the private secretary of Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, is well known in all social life. She is a tall, handsome girl with large, dark eyes, a brilliant face and beautiful figure. Brought up to lead a life of luxury, when family reverses necessitated her being self-supporting, she decided that the position of secretary was one she could most creditably fill. Out of several offers made her she chose that of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Miss de Barril has developed unusual business ability, great tact and a marked aptitude for her work. She writes a very striking hand, and has a thorough knowledge of composition; her business letters are excellent, and the lighter notes demanded by society she makes pleasingly acceptable. She signs them all "M. de Barril, for L. Vanderbilt."

Mrs. Robert Abbe (No. 11 West Fifth street), although a brilliant society woman with abundant means at her command, devotes much of her time to the interests and improvement of those less fortunate. She is a woman of rare ability and intellect, which, combined with her strong will and energy, make any undertaking in which she engages an assured success. She is probably one of the finest amateur musicians in New York, and was the first teacher of her son, Courtland Palmer, now an acknowledged artist, as pianist. Mrs. Abbe was not, as the society columns frequently quote her, a Miss Amory, but was Miss Catherine Amory Bennett. She spent much of her early life in the old home of her grandfather on Denison Hill, Stonington, Conn. She was sent to the fashionable boarding school of the Misses Ballou, of this city, where she later became a teacher. Her first husband was Courtland Palmer, who founded and was President of the Nineteenth Century Club, of which Mrs. Palmer was an active, influential member. Within a few years she has married a second husband, her family physician, Dr. M. Bert Abbe, the famous surgeon.

CHIFFON.

It was at Long Branch at a hotel where dressing is the chief end of woman and a charming appearance her highest happiness, that this gown floated across the lawn. The skirt was of white canvas, plainly made, but hanging as only Paris skirts can hang, over a lining of sea green silk. The waist was of vivid green taffeta, shading into vivid blue, and was fashioned with tailor-made exactness as a shirt waist. Instead of the customary high, stiff linen collar, a turned down collar of the silk finished the neck and turned-back cuffs the sleeves. Over them were laid corresponding collars and cuffs of the primest, daintiest looking hemstitcher mull.

If you would have the sleeves of your late Summer frock absolutely correct, study the cascade effect. The sleeve proper is of ordinary dimensions. But down the length of each seam a wide piece of soft silk, lace-edged mull or chiffon is sewed. This is gathered up on the shoulder and falls in very graceful fashion down each side.

The legging is passing from polite breeching society. Women are beginning to rebel against those cumbersome, heating, dust-retaining, awkward pairs of their wheeling outfit, and in a great many places leggings are disappearing. A good many there are others, no less conservative, who wear simply ordinary hose, with the ordinary low shoes.

There are indications that the Elizabethan ruff will be with us again by Autumn. Ruffles of accordion-pleated ribbon and of mousseline de sole are already popular, and they are growing deeper and more bouffant every day.

Puffs, the old-fashioned, narrow, straight ones, are coming in again. Some new Paris women have skirts made of puffs of chiffon two inches wide, joined by lace insertion an inch wide and mounted over silk linings.

Young women who like to make the journey from the bath house to the billows in the least conspicuous way and without unnecessary exhibition of their bathing suits wear fetching cloaks of terry. These are made in "Little Red Riding Hood" fashion and have caps. They are generally of a plain, striking color—garnet, clear blue or yellow—and they are picturesque additions to the beach scene.

Ducklings a la Japan.

The following is the recipe of a distinguished Japanese cook for fried ducklings: Cut the ducks into large pieces, roll them in flour, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle slightly with dry mustard; then dip them in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in butter to a nice brown. Now slice and fry some tomatoes; cook some green peas, make a border of them around the ducks, and scatter chopped parsley over the whole.

CONVERSAZIONE.

It is nothing new to hear a woman's hair called a crown of glory, but to warrant this title much care must be bestowed upon it. Like all matters of the toilet, this takes time. You cannot maintain the two great essentials—circulation and cleanliness—without devoting at least twenty minutes a day to brushing and combing. The necessity of brushing the hair cannot be emphasized too strongly. It should be done lightly and evenly, from the forehead downward, following the natural growth of the hair. Continued smoothing with a silk handkerchief has been strongly recommended for dry, brittle locks as a better burnisher than the brush, but bristles, unless the scalp is very tender, would seem to be more stimulating.

The question of when to wash the hair has been answered as variously as how to prevent seasickness. Some say as often as possible, and some not more than once or twice a year. Doubtless the answer depends largely on the individual temperament of the subject and the frequency and vigor with which the brush is used.

Nowadays, when exercise is the fad par excellence of the fair sex, any number of arm movements should not be irksome to any one of us.

Take a few fencing lessons and you will find, if they are your first, a new method of reviving, renewing, recreating your energies. Fencing is a hobby that cannot be too highly applauded. Its only drawback is that it does not lead its votaries into the open air. However, ten minutes with the foils bring more muscles into play than a three-mile walk, and is more than equal to it. The enthusiast in fencing will find her activity in all directions increased a hundred fold. The sort of costume required is much like the bathing suit now in vogue at seashore resorts—bloomers, a short skirt and bare arms for work.

The real feminine athlete who goes in for swimming scorns all useless fluff, but for the fair ones who never enter the surf a novel and striking effect has been established in the invention of bright-hued silk ribbons for the ordinary fastenings of the bathing shoe. After crossing over the instep they are wound several times around the ankle and leg, bright and fastened in a smart bow just below the knee.

The mania for the decoration of cycles is not yet a common one among us. But we are quite likely to adopt it at any moment, and make it so. In Hyde Park almost every female machine one sees is tied with a pretty bow, from which long streamers flutter in the wind.

Don't avoid the ran, those of you who wear beautiful skins. Fog and mist are at least half responsible for the English girl's fulness. From her, too, we learn that the juice of cucumbers strained off from the vegetable after it has been thoroughly boiled makes a most excellent and softening toilet water.

GOWNED FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

